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BIOGRAPHICAL.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

This darling of Nature and the muses was born in Stratford, upon Avon, on the 23d of April, 1564, and was, therefore, scarcely three months old when the plague visited that town, which is recorded as having carried away one out of every six of its inhabitants. The infant poet, however, was nothing affected by its influence; in the midst of contagion he alone was healthy; the demon of mortality shrank abashed from the cradle of the young immortal, on whose brow, perchance, he might have read the evidence of that glory which, so long as reason and a true perception of the beautiful be among the attributes of man, shall flourish superior to his power.

The earlier life of Shakspeare is involved in much perplexity, which, perhaps, is an advantage rather than otherwise; since, by decreasing our knowledge of his material being, it makes us regard him rather as a spirit than a man. His biographers have generally agreed, however, that he was born on the day aforesaid, which is the anniversary of the tutelar saint of England; that his father was a respectable wool-comber in Stratford, of which town he afterwards became Mayor; that he was christened when three days old, at the same church where he was married at the age of eighteen, and buried at fifty-two; and that he stole a deer from the park of Sir Thos. Lucy on the night of the birth of his first child, for which he had to fly from his native place. But there they leave him—at least, there they leave each other—for such as agree that he forthwith proceeded to London, bring him there by different routes; while others, and with more probability, suppose him to have gone to a town of minor note—(Southampton has been named, from a variety of circumstances, as the probable place,)—where he was for some time employed in a lawyer's office, previous to his sojourn in the capital. What gives the most authentic appearance to this account is the fact of Shakspeare's being so well "learned in the law." For the sake of company, however, we shall follow the most popular tradition.

Time out of mind, the game laws have been held in the most profound contempt by the people of England; and therefore, whatever the law may say to the contrary, the stealing of a deer confers more honor than disgrace on the perpetrator. This was more especially the case in the days of Shakspeare, when a haunch of venison was considered the great national dinner, and when it was one of the chief boasts of a good yeoman, that "he could bring you down his dun red deer three hundred feet and fro with a cloth yard shaft." Thus, it is but a very trifling reflection on the character of Shakspeare, that he, along with three or four of his merry companions, did, on a certain

occasion, steal a deer from the Park of Sir Thomas Lucy. The old knight, however, thinking otherwise, sent him a prisoner to the gate keeper's lodge; and thus was the darling of England, the wonder and glory of all future ages, in custody as a common poacher. On the following morning he was liberated, and so the affair in all probability would have ended, but the idea of his night's confinement disagreeing with the feelings of the proud hearted bard, he satirized Sir Thomas in a lampoon, each stanza terminating thus:

"If Lousy be Lucy, as some folks miscall it,
Then Lucy is Lousy, whatever befall it."

This so exasperated the Lord of the Manor, who was a mean, sordid, self-sufficient, ignorant old man, and moreover a justice of the peace, that Shakspeare had to fly to place himself beyond the limits of a mittimus. Thus (as is commonly the case,) was a great effect the result of a most trifling cause. Had Shakspeare been suffered to remain unmolested in his native place, he would in all probability have devoted his life to the combing of wool, and died without having left any other memorial of himself than his birth and death to be recorded on his monument.

"How many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear!
How many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air!"

Sir Thomas Lucy also profited by the affair—(granting that he preferred notoriety to oblivion)—for, were it not for his connexion with the immortalizing deer-stealer, he would have gone down into the grave with his kindred worms, and been forgotten.

When Shakspeare arrived in London, he was hungry, pennyless, and without friends; and therefore there is nothing marvellous in the story that he supported himself by holding horses at one of the theatres. It argues but little for the sense of those men who, esteeming this a stain on the history of their favorite, attempt to refute it altogether. What does it signify whether he was a peasant or a prince—a horse-holder or a monarch? From the great height on which he stands, all those petty distinctions become imperceptible. Such things may be considered separate in their brief generations, but in the dust they become kindred and forgotten worms; while mighty Shakspeare remains upon his pedestal—distinct—pure—and uncontaminated by their mortality for ever.

Many of his biographers not only contend for the truth of the horse story, but assert that he made himself so famous in his profession that his contemporaries chose him for their captain, and used to introduce themselves to equestrians by stating that they were 'Will Shakspeare's boys.' "From this," they continue, "he was promoted to the dignity of supernumerary candle-snuffer to the same theatre, and from here again initiated into the mysteries of the 'sock and buskin'; albeit he

never arrived at, nor deserved much eminence as an actor." The latter part of this we are inclined to dispute: the probability is that he was too good an actor for the age in which he lived. Rant and bombast were then the order of the day, both of which he heartily despised, and took especial care to say so. In those times, no doubt some of our present thunderers of the stage, who trust alone for immortality to the strength of their lungs, and the tact of displaying it on all occasions, would have been esteemed as better actors than the best of modern days, Kean and Booth; and hence it is likely that Shakspeare's attempting to act men instead of monsters, against public opinion, caused him to fall into disrepute as a player. At all events, it cannot be denied that he possessed the chief histrionic requisites, viz: a thorough knowledge of character, a noble countenance and commanding figure; regarding his taste, propriety of action, and general decorum, we have merely to refer to his unrivaled "advice to the players" for an answer.

Now it was that Shakspeare commenced his career of glory; now it was that with little effort to himself or applause from his fellows, he gave those mighty productions to the world which are the greatest monuments of the age in which he lived—productions so stupendous that they overshadow and nearly exclude every emanation of genius that went before them. The mountains in the neighborhood of the Andes, mighty as they are in themselves, appear dwarfish as we contrast them with their far mightier neighbors; and thus does the fame of nearly all our greatest poets appear qualified, when taken in connexion with his that is so vastly greater. We include his poems, and the majority of his sonnets—his spirit-breathing sonnets—in the productions; and they who first expelled them from his works showed a want of appreciation as miserable as it was surprising—indeed we might say impudent; since men had no business to take upon themselves the responsibility of editors at all, who were so wretchedly unqualified for their task. Few men have ever existed who could have written such a poem as "Venus and Adonis;" and as for the "Rape of Lucrece," it is the most impassioned rhapsody in the language. For the latter he received a thousand pounds from the noble Earl of Southampton; and who will say that the money was not well expended, since it places his name in company with that of our sweet Shakpear's for ever?

At the age of 48 or 49, having acquired an independence of 300 pounds a year, our poet retired to Stratford to enjoy the tranquility of a rural life among those who had been the companions of his infancy and his boyhood. His hour of enjoyment, however, was of the briefest,—for in less than three years after he had left the busy world, he was called from his abode among men.

The little that was mortal of him lies buried in a curch-yard on the banks of the silver Avon

—a beautiful place, it is said, and well meet to embrace the dust of its illustrious tenant. Many a literary pilgrim goes there; and never yet was the sanctuary of a saint approached with more devotion than is that grave of the immortal. But all this has been written by Washington Irving with a pen of fire, and therefore it becomes us to be mute.

The number of plays generally attributed to Shakspeare are thirty six. Many of these, however, (*Titus Andronicus*, for instance,) are so very inferior to others, that it is presumed they merely underwent his corrections; and this opinion is strengthened by the fact, that while some of the passages of the doubtful plays glow with the fiery spirit of Shakspeare in its brightest mood, others would do little credit to the veriest doggrelist that ever tortured language into rhyme; thus evincing that they were the productions of distinct and very unequal hands.

It is impossible to give a list of the plays in the order they were written, and for the very excusable reason that it cannot be ascertained. We shall therefore place them in four classes according to our own and the generally received opinion of their merits—making withal no distinction between tragedy and comedy.

First Class. Lear, The Tempest, Othello, Macbeth, Hamlet, Merchant of Venice, Midsummer's Night Dream, Romeo and Juliet, Henry IV. parts 1st and 2d, Measure for Measure.

Second Class. Henry V., Taming of the Shrew, Winter's Tale, As You Like It, Twelfth Night, Troilus and Cressida, Coriolanus, Julius Caesar, Antony and Cleopatra.

Third Class. King John, Richard II, Richard III, Henry VI, 3 parts, Henry VIII, Cymbeline, Merry Wives of Windsor, Timon of Athens, Two Gentlemen of Verona, Much Ado About Nothing, Love's Labor Lost.

Fourth Class. Comedy of Errors, Pericles, Titus Andronicus.

To criticise the works of Shakspeare at the present day would be like analyzing the brightness of the sun, or describing the color of total darkness; the qualities of those two objects being little better known to us than the beauties and defects of the poet. Among the former may be classed a most unbounded knowledge of human nature; a fertility of imagination that is apparently superhuman; a perfect insight into the most secret workings of the human heart; a just perception of the gently beautiful; a capacity to soar beyond the sublimest things in nature; a discrimination of character that never was equalled and never can be surpassed; and withal a wit that was surely the most brilliant that ever sparkled in the human heart. These beauties were all his own; he copied them from no man;—from whom could Shakspeare copy? His defects were those of his education, or rather of the times in which he lived. Here we may number obscenity of language; his frequent playing upon words, in which there is little ingenuity and less wit; and his predilection for lame doggrels, which occasionally injure the effect of his best soliloquies.

In appearance, Shakspeare was manhood personified; tall, stately, and athletic; his face

a perfect model of the "human face divine," and his head beautiful in the extreme; and, if the phrenological system be a true one, more replete with intellect than that of any other person whose image has descended to us. It is well for the memory of Spurzheim that his system thus far is so consonant with the truth. The character of Shakspeare was like that of poets in general—bad, good and indifferent; he loved wit and wassail, wine and women; had no objection to a little harmless fighting; but was true and upright as the sun.—But we have said enough. Two lines by his deathless self contain more that is relevant to our subject than, without his aid, we could bring together in a volume; two well known lines, which can be applied to no person so justly as to Shakspeare, and with which we shall finish, thus :

"He was a man—take him for all in all,
We ne'er shall look upon his like again." Far.Mag.

THE LAST ERRAND OF THE BALD EAGLE.

The tribe of "The Bald Eagle" had been long at peace with the whites. The aged sagamore had acquired their language, and become familiar with their manners. He was a frequent visiter at the fort erected at the mouth of the Kenhawa; and the soldiers' children would sit upon the blanket of the old Indian, while he fitted arrows of reed to their mimic bows for them, and beguiled the sunny hours with some ancient legend of his people—traditions of their fabulous battles with the all devouring Gitche-pezhke,* that would make young eyes dilate with wonder—and fearful tales of murdered chieftains, who, when the baishkwa (night hawk) flitted through the wood, and the bright foot-prints gleamed along the Path of Ghosts,† would stalk round the lodges of their kindred, and whisper the story of their fate to the tardy avengers of blood within. Often, at noon tide, or when the ruddy hues of sun-set were softened on the bosom of the broad Ohio, his bark canoe would be seen skimming the river, towards the fort, while the urchins ran down to meet the tardy old man, and supplied him with sweetmeats and tobacco, in return for the trifling presents he would bring them from his forest home—baskets of the flexible and delicious hued birch, pouches of the variegated and platted porcupine quills, and fillets woven by the daughters of the chief from the flaming feathers of the moninggwan-na.‡ Twilight would come, and the whippoor-will commence his evening call from the hill-side, while the garrulous ancient still lingered with his boyish playmates; but night again would find his frail shallop drifting down the stream, while, ever and anon, the chief would pause, as he plied his paddle, to return the salute of some friendly pioneer, who, in the existing peace upon the border, had ventured to place his cabin on the shore.

Many months had passed away, and still, with each returning week, the children watched for their swarthy visiter, and never failed at last to see his paddle flashing behind some green promontory, and soon impelling his light canoe upon the beach beside them. But at length the chieftain came no more: the little

gifts which they had prepared lost their novelty, and they longed in vain for the old Delaware to string their bows anew, or to bring them wild plums from the islands and the rich fruit of the paw-paw from over the river; and still the Bald Eagle came not. The white hunters could tell nothing of him, and the few settlers along the stream declared they had last seen him floating safely past their cabins, with pipe in mouth as usual, and wending his way to the village of the tribe far down the river; but the neighboring Indians no longer brought them venison and wild honey from the wood, their otter traps had been withdrawn from the cane brake, and the light of their torches was no more seen upon the river, guiding them in the favorite sport of spearing the fish that teem in its waters.

The garrison was not dismayed at the ominous silence; yet the sudden cessation of all intercourse between themselves and the Indians, threw a gloom over the little community. There was one among their number, who could have unravelled the mystery; it was one who, like the murderer of Logan's family, had forged at least one link in the monstrous chain of injury, which was, at this moment, knitting the neighboring tribes in bitter hostility to the whites—it was the assassin of Bald Eagle. This man, as it afterwards appeared, had suffered from the Indians in former years, and, in compliance with a vow of vengeance against the whole race, he had way-laid the friendly Delaware on his lonely voyage down the river, and murdered him a short distance from the fort. The superannuated warrior could make but a feeble resistance against the athletic and implacable backwoodsman. The fated savage pleaded vainly for a moment, in which to sing his death song, but the heart of the Indian hater was steeled against the appeal, and the atrocious violence was consummated with equal secrecy and despatch. But the blood of the victim was yet to cry from the ground.

The revengeful pioneer had accomplished his first purpose of taking the life of an Indian: he was not contented, however, until he had added insult to injury, and with ingenious cruelty ensured that full knowledge of the outrage should reach the friends of the unhappy subject of it; and thus he proceeded to the accomplishment of his iniquitous purpose:—he first scalped the hoary crown of the old Delaware, and next fixing the body in the usual sitting posture in the stern of the canoe, he carefully replaced the pipe in his mouth, and adjusted the steering paddle to the hand of the corpse, which soon stiffened around it. A direction was then given to the boat that bore this ghastly burden, and the stream quickly swept it far beyond his view. The abruptness of the river's bank, and the rapidity of the current near the shore, prevented the doomed bark from stopping in its career, and hurried it on the voyage for which it was so fearfully freighted. The settlers on the river's side recognized the well known canoe and accustomed form of him that steered it, and dreaming not of the fate that had overtaken its master, they saluted him, as usual, from the shore; but when they hailed, no friendly whoop repli-

ed to the call; they beckoned, but the grim boatman heeded not; the shallop still went on, for the hand that guided kept it steadily on its way. The wild deer, drinking from the wave, started at the shadow, as it glided before him; the raven snuffed the tainted form, and hovered above its gory head, yet dared not to alight beside that motionless and stern voyager. And still that bark kept on. But now it has neared the home of the murdered sagamore; and, like a steed that knows the dwelling of his master, it seems to be making unerringly for that green headland where the friends of the loved sachem are waiting the wonted hour of his return.

What more is there to add?—the dumb messenger fulfilled his mission. The neighboring bands at once dug up the tomahawk, and runners were instantly despatched to the remoter tribes—the bloody war-belt passed like lightning along the border—the peaceful Min-goes had wrongs of their own to avenge, and needed not to read its mystic wampum; but the red-handled hatchet was shaken alike among the deep forests of Ohio, on the sunny prairies of Illinois, and in the dark glens of Pennsylvania; while by the thousand lakes of York, the warlike bands that haunted those crystal waters clutched with eagerness the fearful emblem.

The allotted days of fasting had passed by for the friends of the murdered Delaware; the black hue of mourning was washed from their indignant brows, and ere the crimson die of battle had dried upon their cheeks, the banks of the Ohio resounded with the war-whoop; while the burning of their cabins and the massacre of their neighbors, gave the terrified settlers the first intimation of the foul murder of the Kenhawa.

The horrors of the war of retaliation thus commenced, continued to rage until Lord Dunmore's expedition put a period to the strife; and the dwellers on the shore that was coasted by the dead boatman, would long after shudder when they remembered *the last errand of the Bald Eagle.—Scenes in the West.*

* The fossil mammoth. † The Milky Way.
‡ The high-hold or golden-winged woodpecker.

S P R I N G .

Original.

Delightful Guest! We greet thee as an old friend, whose countenance we behold with increasing satisfaction. Time shall never cause a wrinkle on thy brow, nor shall thy most brilliant charms ever become dim to the child of Nature. Thou art always young—ever the same. Does any one frown at thy presence? If so, let him flee with the last wings of Winter to the remotest parts of Siberia's frozen plains, there to spend the remnant of life in his own element. If this be his choice, let him take the snows for his path and couch; and breathe out his last and sweetest enjoyments in a clime congenial to his cold affections and unmoved sympathies. But we enjoy thy lovely presence. When the red breast comes forth with notes of gladness, and all the warbling throng join their voices in sweet, har-

monious concert; when the flocks gambol on the green from an abundance of animal exhilaration; when the luxuriant verdure of the vegetable kingdom is spread before us in such rich profusion; and in every variety of tint and lustre, who will not yield a grateful homage to thy captivating aspect? Who may not become better by proper reflections on this season and its attendant beauties, when they are considered as direct emanations from that Beneficent Being, who delights in spreading around ungrateful mortals the effusions of his goodness? Surely as thou art beautiful we love to gaze upon thee; as thou art our friend, we feel attached to thee by the strongest endearments; but as thou art the work of Omnipotence we admire thee. N.

Hanover, April 1835.

IMPROVEMENT OF YOUTH.

Original.

At all times, and in all nations, the youth of a country have attracted, in the highest degree, the interest of the patriot and philanthropist. That they are soon to take the places of the old—to act *their* parts—and all the parts, on the great theatre of the world, is a sufficient reason why this universal interest should be felt. But there is still another reason which is equally important—another motive which, as it has a closer connection with our feelings, is doubtless, as all such motives are, more powerful. The young are regarded with tenderness and affection; they have the sympathy of all, the good wishes of all, and neither envy, rivalry, nor self interest mingle in the feelings with which we regard them.

There is nothing which can be more pleasing to all—nothing which can give a higher and better character to a town or village, than to witness the youth of both sexes pressing onward—ascending steadily in the career of improvement; evincing their regard for virtue and their love of instruction; estimating rightly the privileges they enjoy, and feeling the full force of their obligations, and their interest to improve them. If such be the youth of a village, what a cheering futurity opens to the view. The great and the good look forward to it with emotions of unutterable delight; the patriot reposes upon the assurance that his native or adopted town will be honored and will prosper—that even his country may be benefited—and the pious, extending their views to another world, feel their bosoms expand with the pleasure which the hope, and almost the certainty, of the eternal happiness of those they love affords.

The pleasure indeed may be less, but still it is no inconsiderable pleasure, to witness one, separating himself from the thoughtless, the idle and the dissipated, directing his view to eminence in his profession or calling, whatever it be, storing his mind with useful knowledge, and choosing those paths of life, and those alone, from the multitude that lie before him, which lead to future respectability, to honorable stations, to usefulness and to wealth. Let such a youth be assured that he will not long remain unnoticed in his course; that the wise and the good—nay even the bad—will aid him in his

progress; and that, soon or late, perhaps later than his ardent feelings at first led him to hope, he will receive a just and ample reward. Accident may assist the idle, and may depress, for a time, the honest and industrious, but the latter has always the sympathy of the world; in good and bad fortune, he will feel its gentle and powerful influence; it will raise him when he falls; it will hover round, protect, and sustain him when prosperity blesses, and when danger threatens.

GOOD MANNERS.

There are a great many little offences committed against good manners, which people are hardly aware of at the time. It is not polite, for instance, to tease a person to do what he has once declined, and it is equally impolite to refuse a request or an invitation in order to be urged, and accept afterwards. Comply at once; if your friend be sincere, you will gratify him, if not, you will punish him, as he deserves to be. It is not polite, when asked what part of a dish you will have, to say, "any part, it is quite indifferent to me;" it is hard enough to carve for one's friends, without choosing for them. It is not polite to entertain our visitors with our own family history, and the events of our own household. It is not polite for married ladies to talk in the presence of gentlemen, of the difficulty they have in procuring domestics, and how good-for-nothing they are when they are procured. It is not polite to put food upon the plate of your guest without asking his leave, or press him to eat more than he wants.

THE STUDENT.

I saw him o'er his midnight lamp,
With pallid brow, and kindling eye,
And lines, that thought and feeling stamp,
Were on his forehead pale and high.

I saw him turn with listless gaze,
The book, whose classic pages bore
The learning deep of other days,
A by-gone nation's rescued lore;

It claimed not now his wonted care,
His thoughts and feelings were not there.

I saw him when the queen of night,
Had claimed her empire in the sky,
Intently gaze on her pure light,
As if to read his destiny;

Neglected lay his tablets by;
His chart and compass were not seen;
To him the science of the sky

Was then as though it ne'er had been;
The orbs above were shining fair;
His thoughts and feelings were not there.

That midnight lamp has ceased to shed
Its light upon the student's brow.
The books to which his soul was wed

Are closed, alas, for ever now,
And Luna, in whose hallowed beams
His lofty spirit seemed to lave,
Now, furtive, through the willow gleams,

That weeps above his early grave;
But Death, to him, had brought no pain:
For he had loved—and loved in vain.

N. Y. Mirror.

SELECTIONS.

MARY DYRE.

By Miss Sedgwick.

The subject of the following sketch, a Quaker Martyr, may appear to the fair holiday readers of souvenirs, a very unfit personage to be introduced into the romantic and glorious company of lords and ladye loves; of doomed brides; and all-achieving heroines; chivalric soldiers; suffering out-laws; and Ossianic sons of the forest. But of such, it is not now our "munt to speak." Neither have we selected the most romantic heroine that might have been found in the annals of the sober-suited sect. A startling tale might be wrought from the perilous adventures of Mary Fisher, the maiden missionary, who, after being cast into prison, for saying 'thee' instead of 'you,' was examined before a judicial tribunal, and 'nothing found but innocence.' Released from durance, she travelled over the continent of Europe, to communicate her faith; visited the court of Mahomet the Fourth, then held at Adrianople; was presented by the Grand Vizier to the Sultan, who listened to her with deference, and was, or affected to be, persuaded of her truth. A guard to Constantinople was gallantly offered her by Mahomet, which she refused; and safe and unmolested, in her armor of innocence, she proceeded to that city, receiving everywhere from the Turks the gentle usage that was denied her by those professing a more generous faith.

A tale of horrors, of cowed monks, and instruments of torture, might be framed from the 'hair breadth scapes' of Catharine Evans and Sarah Chevers, the Quakers; heroines who suffered with constancy in the Inquisition at Malta. We have passed by these tempting themes, to present a character in its true and natural light, as it stands on the historic page, without the graces of fiction, or any of those aids by which the romantic writer composes his picture—exaggerating beauties, placing them in bright lights, and omitting or gracefully shading defects. There are manifestations of moral beauty so perfect that they do not require, and will not endure the aids of fiction, as there are scenes in the material world, that no illusion of the imagination can improve.

Mary Dyre belonged to the religious society of 'Friends,' a society, that after having long resisted the tempest of intolerance and persecution, is melting away under the genial sun of universal toleration, and the ignoble, but no less resistless influence of the tailor's shears, and the milliner's craft. As Voltaire predicted some sixty years since, 'Les infans enrichis par l'industrie de leurs peres veulent jorir avoir des honneurs, des boutons, et des manchettes.'

Mary Dyre was among those, who, in 1657, sought in New-England an asylum from the oppression of the mother country. But the persecuted had become persecutors; and instead of an asylum, these harmless people found a prison, and were destined, for their glory and our shame, to suffer as martyrs in the cause of liberty of conscience.

Sewell, the historian 'of the people called

Quakers,' to whom we are indebted for most of the following particulars, has given very slight notice of Mary Dyer's private history. 'She was,' he says, 'of a comely and grave countenance, of a good family and estate, and a mother of several children; but her husband, it seems, was of another persuasion.' From another document, which we have been so fortunate as to obtain, it appears that this defect of religious sympathy, had in no degree abated the affection and confidence of her husband.

Thus she possessed whatever comes within the aspiration of a woman's ambition or affections;—beauty, for this is no violent paraphrase of the Quaker historian's stinted courtesy, rank, fortune, conjugal and maternal happiness; yet she counted all these but loss, when she believed, that her obedience to the inspirations of God, required their sacrifice.

The Pilgrims finding the penalties of fine, imprisonment, scourging with the 'three corded whip,' cutting off the ears, and boring the tongue with a red-hot iron, ineffectual in extirpating the 'cursed heresy of the Quakers,' or 'preventing their pestilent errors and practices,' proceeded to banish them from their jurisdiction on pain of death.

This violence was done under a statute enacted in 1658. Mary Dyer, with many others, sought a refuge from the storm in Rhode-Island. Christian liberty, in its most generous sense, was the noble distinction of that Province; and there Mary might have enjoyed her inoffensive faith, and all the temporal distinctions it permitted, for her husband filled one of the highest offices in the Province. But she could not forget her suffering brethren in the Massachusetts Colony. She meditated on their wrongs until she 'felt a call' to return to Boston. Two persons, distinguished for their zeal and integrity, accompanied her; William Robinson, and Marmaduke Stevenson. Their intention and hope was, to obtain a repeal or mitigation of the laws against their sect. Their return was in 1659. On their appearance in Boston, they were immediately seized, and committed to prison, and a few days subsequent, after a summary and informal examination before Gov. Endicott and the associate Magistrates, they were sentenced to suffer the penalty of death, which had been already decreed to such as, after being banished, should return.

Mary's companions replied to the annunciation of their sentence, in terms that savored strongly of human resentment, which, alas, for human weakness! is often betrayed in the anticipation of the judgments of Heaven. 'Give ear, ye magistrates,' said Stevenson, 'and all ye who are guilty, for this the Lord hath said concerning you, and will perform His word upon you, that the same day ye put His servants to death, shall the day of your visitation pass over you, and ye shall be cursed forevermore.' The passions of our infirm nature are sometimes compounded with the religion that accompanies them, as the cloud is to an ignorant eye, identified with the prismatic rays it reflects.

Mary's pure and gentle spirit dwelt in eternal sunshine: its elements were at peace. When the fearful words were pronounced, 'Mary Dyre, you shall go to the prison, whence

you came, thence to the place of execution, and be hanged there until you are dead, she folded her hands, and replied, with a serene aspect, 'The will of the Lord be done.'

Her friends have described her demeanor at this moment, as almost supernatural, as if the outward temple were brightened by the communications of the spirit within. They say the world seemed to have vanished from her sight; her eyes were raised and fixed in the rapture of devotion; her lips were moved by the extacy of her soul, though they uttered no articulate sound.

Governor Endicott seems to have felt an irritation at her tranquility, not more dignified than a child's, when he vents his wrath on an insensible and incorporeal substance.

'Take her away, Marshal,' he said harshly.

'I return joyfully to my prison,' she replied, and then turning to the Marshal, she added, 'Thou may leave me, Marshal, I will return alone.'

'I believe you, Mrs. Dyre,' replied the Marshal, 'but I must do as I am commanded.'

The prisoners were condemned on the twentieth of October. The twenty-seventh was the day appointed for the execution of the sentence. With a self-command and equanimity of mind rare in such circumstances, Mary employed the interval in writing an 'Appeal to the Rulers of Boston'; an appeal, not in her own behalf, not for pardon, nor life, but for a redress of the wrongs of her persecuted brethren. 'I have no self ends, the Lord knoweth,' she says, 'for if life were freely granted by you, it would not avail me, so long as I should daily see or hear of the sufferings of my people, my dear brethren, and the seed with whom my life is bound up. Let my counsel and request be accepted with you to repeal all such laws, that the truth and servants of the Lord may have free passage among you, and you be kept from shedding innocent blood, which I know there be many among you would not do, if they knew it so to be.'—In love and in the spirit of meekness, for I have no enmity against the persons of any, I again beseech you.' There is not throughout this magnanimous appeal, the slightest intimation of a wish that her sentence should be remitted, no craven nor natural shrinking from death, no apologies for past offences, but the courage of an apostle contending for the truth, and the tenderness of a woman's feelings for the sufferings of her people. Could it matter to so noble a creature, where, according to the quaint phrase of her sect, her 'outward being dwelt,' or how soon it should be dissolved?

On the evening of the twenty-sixth, William Dyre, Mary's eldest son arrived in Boston and was admitted to her prison. He came in the hope of persuading his mother to make such concessions in regard to her faith, as to conciliate her judges, and procure a reprieve. All night he remained with her. The particulars of this interview have not been preserved. Mary's enemies have not been scrupulous in the record of her virtues, and her friends appear to have considered the affections of nature scarcely worth a memorial, amidst the triumphs of her faith. We know the temper of woman, the tenderness and depth of a mother's

love. We may imagine the intense feelings of the son, on the eve of his mother's threatened execution, pleading for the boon of her life; we may imagine the conflict between the yearnings of the mother, and the resistance of the saint, and we may be sure that we cannot exaggerate its violence, nor its suffering. The saint was triumphant, and on the following morning, Mary was led forth, between her two friends, to the place of execution. A strong guard escorted the prisoners, and, as if to infuse the last drop of bitterness in their cup, Mr. Wilson, 'the minister of Boston,' attended them. There were warm and malignant spirits among the spectators. 'Are you not ashamed,' said one of them tauntingly to Mary, 'are you not ashamed to walk thus hand in hand between two young men?' 'No,' she replied, 'this is to me an hour of the greatest joy I could have in the world. No eye can see, nor ear hear, nor tongue utter, nor heart understand the sweet incomes and refreshings of the spirit of the Lord, which I now feel.' Death could not appal a mind so lofty and serene. Man could not disturb a peace so profound. Her companions evinced a like composure. They all tenderly embraced at the foot of the scaffold. Robinson first mounted it, and called on the spectators to witness for him that he died, not as a malefactor, but for testifying to the light of Christ. Stevenson, the moment before the hangman performed the last act, said, 'This day we shall be at rest with the Lord.'

Mary was of a temper, like the intrepid Madam Roland, to have inspired a faltering spirit by her example; far more difficult she must have found it, to behold the last quiverings of mortality in the persons of her friends. But even after this, she was stedfast, and ascended the scaffold with an unblenching step. Her dress was scrupulously adjusted about her feet, her face covered with a handkerchief, and the halter put about her neck.

The deep silence of this awful moment was broken by a piercing cry. 'Stop! she is reprieved!' was sent from mouth to mouth, till one glad shout announced the feeling of the gazing multitude. Was there one of all those gathered to this fearful spectacle, whose heart did not leap with joy? Yes—the sufferer and victim, she to whom the gates of death had been opened. 'Her mind,' says her historian, 'was already in heaven, and when they loosed her feet and bade her come down, she stood still, and said she was willing to suffer as her brethren had, unless the magistrates would annul their cruel law.'

Her declaration was disregarded, she was forced from the scaffold, and re-conducted to prison. There she was received in the arms of her son, and she learnt from him that she owed her life, not to any soft relenting of her judge, but to his prolonged intercession.

Fortitude, the merit of superior endurance, has often been conceded to women. One of our most celebrated surgeons had the magnanimity to say to a patient on whom he had just performed an excruciating operation, 'sir, you have borne it like a man, you have done better than that, you have borne it like a woman.' But the most devoted champions of the weak-

er and timid sex, must concede, that they are inferior to man in courage to brave circumstances, and encounter danger, yet among all the valiant hearts in manly frames, that have illustrated our race, we know not when we shall find a more indomitable spirit than Mary Dyre's. The tribunal of her determined enemies; the prison; the scaffold; the actual presence of death; the joy of recovered life; and more potent than all, the melting of maternal love, did not abate one jot of her purpose. On the morning after her reprieve, she dispatched from her prison a letter to her judges, beginning in the following bold, and, if the circumstances are considered, sublime strain.

'Once more to the General Court assembled in Boston, speaks Mary Dyre, even as before. My life is not accepted, neither availeth me, in comparison of the lives and liberty of the truth, and servants of the living God, for which, in the bowels of meekness and love I sought you.' She proceeds to charge them, most justly, with having neglected the measure of light that was in them, and thus concludes: 'When I heard your last order read, it was a disturbance unto me, that was freely offering up my life to Him that gave it me, and sent me hither so to do; which obedience being his own work, He gloriously accompanied with his presence and peace and love in me, in which I rested from my labor.'

The minds of the magistrates must have been wonderfully puffed up, and clouded with an imagined infallibility, and their hearts indurated by dogmatical controversy, or they would at once have perceived, that Mary Dyre was maintaining a righteous claim to the same privilege for which they had made their boasted efforts and sacrifices;—the right of private judgment.

Whatever intimations they may have received from their own consciences, they were not made public; no answer was returned to Mary's letters, and no concessions made to her sect, but it was thought prudent to commute Mary's sentence into banishment, with penalty of death in case of her return, and she was accordingly sent with a guard to Rhode Island.

The sympathies of the good people of Boston had been awakened by the firmness of the prisoners in their extremity. The tide of feeling was setting in favor of their cause, murmurs of dissatisfaction with the proceedings of the magistrates were running through the little community, and it was thought best to allay the ferment, by a manifesto, which is throughout a lame defence, and which concludes in a manner worthy of the style of Cromwell and the school of the Jesuits. 'The consideration of our gradual proceedings,' say they, 'will vindicate us from the clamorous accusation of severity; our own just and necessary defence calling upon us, other means failing, to offer the point which these persons have violently and wilfully rushed upon, and thereby become *felones de se*, which, might it have been prevented, and the sovereign law, *salus populi*, been preserved, our former proceedings, as well as the sparing Mary Dyre's upon an inconsiderable intercession, will evidently evince we desire their lives absent, rather than their deaths present.'

Would the tragedy had ended here! But the last and saddest scene was yet to be enacted. We who believe that woman's duty as well as happiness lies in the obscure, and safe, and not very limited sphere of domestic life, may regret that Mary did not forego the glory of the champion and the martyr, for the meek honors of the wife and mother. Still we must venerate the courage and energy of her soul, when, as she said, 'moved by the spirit of God so to do,' she again returned to finish, in her own words, 'her sad and heavy experience in the town of Boston.'

She arrived there on the twenty-first of May, 1660, and appears to have remained unmolested until the thirty-first, when she was summoned before the General Court, which had cognizance of all civil and criminal offenses. In this Court, Governor Endicott was the presiding officer. He began her examination by asking her, if she was the same Mary Dyre that was there before.

It appears that another Mary Dyre had made some disturbance in the colony, and the Governor probably pitying the rashness of our heroine, was willing to allow her an opportunity of evasion, but she replied unhesitatingly, 'I am the same Mary Dyre that was here at the last General Court.'

'Then you own yourself a Quaker, do you not?'

'I own myself to be reproachfully called so.'

'I must then repeat the sentence once before pronounced upon you.'

After he had spoken the words of doom, 'This is no more,' replied Mary calmly, 'than thou saidst before.'

'But now it is to be executed; therefore prepare yourself for nine o'clock to-morrow.'

Still stedfast in what she believed her divinely authorized mission, she replied, 'I came in obedience to the will of God, to the last General Court, praying you to repeal your unrighteous sentence of banishment, on pain of death, and that is my work now, and earnest request, although I told you, that if you refused to repeal them, the Lord would send other servants to witness against them.'

'Are you a prophetess?' asked Endecott.

'I spoke the words which the Lord spoke to me, and now the thing is come to pass.'

'Away with her,' cried the Governor, and Mary was re-conducted to prison.

We lament the imperfections of human intelligence and the infirmity of human virtue, for 'perfection easily bears with the imperfections of others'; but we rejoice, that, in the providence of God, the vice of one party elicits the virtue of another; that bigotry and persecution bring forth the faith and heroic self-sacrifice of the martyr. The fire is kindled and burns fiercely, but the Phoenix rises; the furnace, heated with sevenfold heat, does not consume, but purifies.

Mary Dyre's family was plunged into deep distress, by her again putting her life in jeopardy. As her husband's religious faith did not accord with her own, he could not of course perfectly sympathize with her zeal in behalf of her persecuted sect, but the following letter, addressed to the Governor, bears ample testi-

THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

mony that his conjugal affection had borne the hard test of religious disagreement:

Honored Sir—It is with no little grief of mind and sadness of heart, that I am necessitated to be so bould as to supplicate your honored self, with the honorable assembly of your General Court, to extend your mercy and favor once again, to me, and my children. Little did I dream that I should have occasion to petition in a matter of this nature; but so it is, that through the divine providence and your benignity my sonn obtained so much pity and mercy at your hands, to enjoy the life of his mother. Now my supplication to your honors is, to begg affectionately the life of my dear wife. 'Tis true, I have not seen her above this half yeare, and cannot tell how, in the frame of her spirit, she was moved thus againe to run so great hazard to herself, and perplexity to me and mine, and all her friends and well-wishers.

'So it is, from Shelter Island, about by Peypnod, Narragansett, &c. to the town of Providence, she secretly and speedily journeyed, and as secretly from thence came to your jurisdiction. Unhappy journey, may I say, and woe to that generation, say I, that gives occasion thus of grief (to those that desire to be quiett) by helping one another to hazard their lives to, I know not what end, nor for what purpose.

'If her zeal be so great, as thus to adventure, oh! let your pity and favor surmount it, and save her life. Let not your love and wonted compassion be conquered by her inconsiderate madness, and how greatly will your renoune be spread, if by so conquering you become victorious. What shall I say more? I know you are all sensible of my condition—you see what my petition is, and what will give me and mine peace.

'Oh! let Mercy's wings soar over Justice's ballance, and then whilst I live, I shall exalt your goodness; but otherways 'twill be a languishing sorrow, yea, so great, that I should gladly suffer the blow at once, much rather. I shall forbear to trouble you with words, neither am I in a capacity to expatiate myself at present. I only say this, yourselves have been, and are, or may be, husbands to wives; so am I, yea to one most dearly beloved. Oh! do not deprive me of her, but I pray give her me once again. I shall be so much obliged forever, that I shall endeavor continually to utter my thanks and render you love and honor most renowned. Pitty one! I beg it with tears, and rest your humble suppliant,

W. DYRE.'

It does not appear what answer, or that any answer was vouchsafed to this touching appeal. It is enough to know that it was unavailing, and that on the very next day, the first of June, Mary Dyre was led forth to execution.

Some apprehensions seem to have been entertained that the mob might give inconvenient demonstrations of their pity for the prisoner, for she was strongly guarded, and during her whole progress from her prison to the place of execution, a mile's distance, drums were beaten before and behind her.

The scaffold was erected on Boston Common. When she had mounted it, she was ask-

ed if she would have the Elders to pray for her!

'I know never an Elder here,' she replied.

'Will you have none of the people to pray for you?' persisted her attendant.

'I would have all the people of God to pray for me,' she replied.

'Mary Dyre! O repent! O repent!' cried out Mr. Wilson the Minister; 'be not so deluded and carried away by the deceits of the devil.'

'Nay, man,' she answered, 'I am not now to repent.'

She was reproached with having said she had already been in paradise.

To this she replied, 'I have been in paradise many days.'

She spoke truly. Her mind was in the paradise of God, sanctified by his peace. The executioner did his office. He could kill the body, demolish the temple, but the pure and glorious spirit of the martyr passed unharmed, untouched, into the visible presence of its Creator.

The scene of this tragedy was Boston Common; that spot so affluent in beauty, so graced by the peace, and teeming with the loveliness of nature, was desecrated by a scaffold! stained with innocent blood! We would not dishonor this magnificent scene, by connecting with it, in a single mind, one painful association. But let those send back one thought to the Quaker martyr, who delight to watch the morning light and the evening shadows stealing over it; to walk under the bountiful shadow of its elms; to see the herds of cattle banqueting there; the birds daintily gleaming their food; the boys driving their hoops, flying their kites, and launching their mimic vessels on the mimic lake; whilst the little *fainéants*, perhaps the busiest in thought among them, are idly stretched on the grass, seemingly satisfied with the bare consciousness of existence. The Boston Common, as it is, preserved and embellished, but not spoiled by art, still retaining its natural and graceful undulations, shaded by trees of a century's growth, with its ample extent of uncovered surface, affording in the heart of a populous city, that first of luxuries, space; trodden by herds of its natural and chartered proprietors; encompassed by magnificent edifices, the homes of the gifted, cultivated and liberal; with its beautiful view of water, (heaven forgive those who abated it!) and of the surrounding, cultured, and enjoyed country; crowned by Dorchester Heights and the Blue Hills:—Boston Common has always appeared to us one of the choicest of nature's temples.

The memory of the good is worthy such a temple; and we trust we shall be forgiven, for having attempted to fix there this slight monument to a noble sufferer in that great cause which has stimulated the highest minds to the sublimest actions; that calls its devotees from the gifted, its martyrs from the moral heroes of mankind; the best cause, the fountain of all liberty—LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE.

Token, 1831.

Next unto virtue, let children be trained up to industry; for both poverty and fraud are the effect of sloth.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

The humble petition of Dr. C——'s little dog Rover which, having run by his master's carriage seventeen years, is now, through the infirmities of extreme old age, unable to walk.

Pity the sorrows of your faithful Dog,

Who for relief by "steam" would not aspire;

Permit him just to crawl about the yard,—

Rest unmolested by the kitchen fire.

Oft by your side, I've brushed the midnight dew,
Oft watched the sick-room, where your patients lay;
Well pleased I watched, because I watched for you;
Nor wished for respite till the break of day.

With you, my kind, good master, I have roved,
Or up the hills, or down the murmuring brooks;
When sleep o'ercame you, not a joint I moved,
I strove to guess your wishes by your looks.

When you, with skillful care, prepared your pills,
I slept contented by your friendly side,
Obeyed, with ready eye, your sign to move,
With patience waited till 'twas time to ride.

I never filched from your kind neighbor's yard,
Your little William slept secure by me,
Though hunger pressed, I never thought it hard
To wait the last, sure to be fed by thee.

Those days, alas! no longer smile on me,
No more I snuff the balmy-scented breeze,
No more I hear your carriage's merry glee,
Nor jump, exulting, on your friendly knees.

For now old age relaxes all my frame,
Unnerves my limbs, and dims my feeble eyes,
Forbids my once swift feet the street to find,
And the sweet bone, alas! untasted lies.

Then lay me by your hospitable fire,
There let me dream of pleasures past and gone,
There rest, till all the powers of nature tire,
Nor dread an age of misery and scorn.

Let me with Puss, my old, but treacherous friend,
Indulged with equal rights, sleep out my days,
So blessings on your head shall still descend,
And, well as Rover can, he'll sing your praise.

EMMA.

Concord Literary Institution, April 1835.

Moral Philosophy makes the honest man; Natural Philosophy, the generous man; History, the man of experience; Poetry, the man of wit: Rhetoric, the eloquent man; polite learning sheds a diffusive grace and ornament upon all kinds of Literature; the knowledge of the world constitutes the intelligent man; the study of the sacred pages forms the good man; but all those must go together to make the perfect complete gentleman.

The malecontent is neither well, full nor fasting, and though he abound with complaints yet nothing dislikes him but the present; for what he condemned while it was, once passed, he magnifies and strives to recall it out of the jaws of time. What he hath he seeth not, his eyes are so taken up with what he wants; and what he sees he careth not for, because he cares so much for that which is not.

LITERARY GAZETTE.

CONCORD, FRIDAY, APRIL 10, 1835.

Edited by an Association of Gentlemen.

We owe an apology to our patrons for a delay of the present number much longer than anticipated. We had engaged and procured to be engraved, agreeably to a former announcement, a new head and several other ornaments, intended to diversify and beautify our pages; but, as our luck would have it, after waiting some time to have them completed, they were lost on their way hither from the 'city of notions,' and we are compelled to appear again without them.

Hereafter we hope to be enabled to present the Gazette regularly every fortnight to our readers, well filled with useful and entertaining matter. We venture to predict it will be found not inferior to any similar publication in the country in beauty of typographical execution, and, so far as our humble labors can avail, its matter shall be such as will instruct, refine and amuse. If it shall contain less original composition than others, we trust that selections, made with skill and judicious taste, will prove not less profitable or pleasing. In short, we are confident of making this a periodical worthy the attention of all classes; and we respectfully invite Post-Masters and others to whom a copy of this number is sent, and who approve of the design of continuing among us an exclusively literary publication, to aid us in procuring an addition to our subscription list. Our terms are so low—*one dollar per annum*—as to place the Gazette within the reach of all, and we believe there would be no presumption in saying, that every family would be benefitted by a perusal of our columns.

Contributions from Ladies and Gentlemen of leisure and literary pursuits will be gratefully received and correctly printed.

Subscriptions will be received at the Book-stores of Horatio Hill, and Marsh, Capen & Lyon.

APRIL FOOLS' DAY. The first day of April has been distinguished from time immemorial, or, in legal parlance, 'time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary,' for the prevalence of a custom designed as witty, which consists chiefly in sending persons on ridiculous errands, or otherwise imposing on their credulity. The French term the person imposed upon an April fish, '*poisson d'Avril*'; and hence Bellenger, in his proverbs, endeavours to account for the origin of the custom by

supposing that '*poisson*' is a corruption for '*passion*', and that the present practice is a perversion of the ceremonies of a festival originally intended to commemorate the suffering of Christ, which happened about this season—and as the Jews sent the Son of man from Annas to Caiaphas, thence to Pilate, and from him to Herod and back again, to mock him, so we impiously send from place to place those considered proper objects of sport. Others refer its rise to the *Festum Fatuorum* or feast of fools, instituted by primitive Christians to conciliate the Pagans to a better worship, and to expose the pretensions of their priests to scorn and derision. Whatever may have been its origin, the custom extensively prevails, as we hear of it in almost every country of Europe among the ignorant and vulgar.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Necessity of Popular Education as a National Object, with Hints on the treatment of Criminals, and Observations on Homicidal Insanity. By JAMES SIMPSON. Boston: Marsh, Capen & Lyon. pp. 262, 12 mo.

This is one of the best books we have ever read. The author, a Scotchman of distinguished reputation, writes with a perfect understanding of his subject. He first exposes the errors and defects of prevailing systems of education, and then proposes his remedy for those evils. He describes the outlines of a course of instruction, from two years of age to maturity, and supports the utility and practicability of adopting it by arguments and facts of great force and unquestionable justice. Many of his remarks may not be strictly applicable to the state of things in this country, especially in New-England, but their general truth and propriety cannot be questioned by any person of common observation. They come home to the bosom of every philanthropist and patriot. The essays on criminal legislation and homicidal insanity, republished articles from the Edinburgh Law Journal, are entitled to the consideration of all who have any concern in making or administering our laws.

At present, we have only time to add, that Mr. Simpson's work is, in our opinion, calculated to be eminently useful; and we would that its contents were impressed on the mind of every legislator, every parent, yea, every citizen of the land. It is deserving the careful and attentive perusal of all who have the means of procuring it. Hereafter we purpose to notice particularly some of the excellencies of the book.

The Cavaliers of Virginia, or the Recluse of Jamestown. By the author of "The Kentuckian in New-York." 2 vols. Harpers.

This is an unreadable novel, founded on the struggles between the Cavaliers and Roundheads, or Royalists and Republicans of Virginia, after the restoration of Charles II. to the throne of England. We agree with the Editor of the New-Yorker that the author had better have kept his incubations private. Such an unnatural performance ought never to have seen the light.

Narrative of Rebecca Theresa Reed, who was under the influence of the Roman Catholics about two years, and an inmate of the Ursuline Convent on Mount Benedict, Charlestown, Mass. nearly six months, in 1831-2. Boston, Russell, Odiorne & Co.

Of this volume much has been said in the public papers,—much more than so trivial an affair deserved. The amount of Miss Reed's story is, that, possessed of an itching to become a nun, she entered the Convent, was dissatisfied with her situation, and eloped. She details the rules and regulations, ceremonies and observances of the institution, but, as the Lady Superior has denounced her account as *false*, and herself as an *impostor*, and is about publishing a refutation of her narrative, we shall wait to hear both sides. As far as relates to the book in hand, we are not conscious of any good likely to result from its publication—it is a mere tax upon the community.

NEWS.

A law has lately passed the legislature of Louisiana for the suppression of gambling. It authorizes any person to arrest individuals engaged in the nefarious practice, to seize all the money and implements used, and bring them before a justice of the peace; and incapacitates any person convicted of gambling for holding an office of honor, trust or profit in the State afterwards. Persons convicted of the second offence are liable to imprisonment.

No less than 31,998 persons have petitioned the legislature of Pennsylvania for the abolition of public schools. Those who could not write made their marks.

A manuscript in 3 vols. bound, has been discovered in the Library of Chateau, in France, concealed behind other volumes, in the hand writing of Louis XVIII.

A new work from the pen of Washington Irving has lately appeared, entitled 'A Tour on the Prairies, by the author of the Sketch Book,' in one vol. small 8 vo.

The Lady Superior's reply to Miss Reed has just been published in Boston.

The venerable Bishop McKendree, senior prelate of the Methodist Episcopal Church, lately died at the age of seventy seven years,

POETRY.

THE GENIUS OF MILTON.

Original.

Lo, Genius rises from his cradle-rest,
Where, in unconscious greatness he has been,
And now, in sunbeams of the morning drest,
Soars to a world no human eye has seen ;
Thinking it were no mockery, that he
Strike the bold notes of immortality !

He soars companionless ! His heav'nward wings
None can outspeed ; his vision naught can dim ;
In deep oblivion of Earth's noblest things,
He folds his pinions midst the Seraphim !
Gazes a moment on th'embattl'd plains,
Then grasps his harp, and wakes its dormant strains.

No tender melodies are his, that rise
From the rich harp-strings, when the Sylvan Muse
Breathes inspiration from her Paradise,
Or bathes her vot'ry in Castalian dews.
Th' Eternal Spirit bids him sweep the chords ;
They move and utter everlasting words.

Hark ! the dread mandate, 'Warriors, arm for fight,'
Comes thund'ring on the fleetest wing of Heav'n ;—
'Hear all ye Angels, progeny of light,'
To God's right arm the victory is given !
Dire was the conflict, hosts of Angels fell,
With their foil'd leader, to the depths of Hell !

He, on his lurid throne, apostate, sat,
In dark deliberation ; then away,
Groaning with woe, but still with hope elate,
Through gloomy chaos soars where Eden lay,
And ere the morning gilds the eastern skies,
Alights within the walls of Paradise.

Thus did the Bard from inspiration sing !
And how our Parents lost their Eden's smile,
Broke their allegiance to their rightful King,
Tempted, and yielding to the Serpent's guile.
Anon in letter'd wrath destruction's pall
Hangs over Nature cursed from the fall.

Hush'd his bold harp a moment ;—a low strain
Rises in mercy from the languid chords,
Man's reconciled to Deity again,
Offended Justice sheathes the ensanguin'd swords.
The sweet tones linger on the breathing strings,
Whilst Genius earthward spreads his radiant wings.

Hanover, April 1835. A STUDENT.

THE DESERTED WIFE.

By J. G. Percival.

He comes not—I have watched the moon go down
But yet he comes not—Once it was not so.
He thinks not how these bitter tears do flow,
The while he holds his riot in that town.
Yet he will come, and chide, and I shall weep ;
And he will wake my infant from its sleep,
To blend its feeble wailing with my tears.

* * * * *

I had a husband once, who loved me—now
He ever wears a frown upon his brow,
And feeds his passion on a wanton's lip,
As bees, from laurel flowers, a poison sip ;
But yet I cannot hate—O ! there were hours,

When I could hang forever on his eye,
And time who stole with silent swiftness by,
Strewed, as he hurried on, his path with flowers.
I loved him then—he loved me too—My heart
Still finds its fondness kindle, if he smile ;
The memory of our loves will ne'er depart ;
And though he often sting me with a dart,
Venomed and barbed—and waste upon the viles,
Caresses which his babe and mine should share ;
Though he should spurn me, I will calmly bear
His madness—and should sickness come and lay
Its paralyzing hand upon him, then
I would, with kindness, all my wrongs repay,
Until the penitent should weep, and say,
How injured, and how faithful I have been.

MISCELLANY.

NATIVE GENIUS.

Those who love their country, and feel a desire to see her rise in arts, sciences, and letters, as well as in arms, will hold forth inducements to bring out the talents we possess in abundance, and frown on those who fill the country, cities, villages, and scattered habitations, with foreign trash, from the pens of fools. We are so mighty candid that we pass over the lies of Ashe, Fidler, Trollope, and all that swarm of buzzing, stinging insects, because, forsooth, we find now and then a remark in them that has the semblance of justice. Every patriot should keep constantly in mind, and endeavor to impress the truth on the minds of rising generations, that our fathers have been engaged in the war of Independence, for two centuries, and that there never was a greater call for valiant exertion than at the present day.—We have just commenced measuring the height of our mountains, the depth of our rivers,—ascertaining the capacities of our soil, and forming charts for our harbors, but we have not yet paid much attention to our capacities for literature, nor taken pains to compare our mental standard with that of other men.—We have too often considered those who throw their shadows across the waters, as great in their own land, while they are frequently of only moderate size, and of no great regard at home. He who pays too much reverence to others, seldom duly values himself, but he who is *true to himself does wrong to no one*. The higher we raise our own literature, the better judgment shall we form of that of other nations. Let not our readers think that we have been croaking on the lost. Far from it. We have watched the offering at the altar,—inspected the entrails,—and declare the omens to be favorable, for the literary exertions now making in this country.

S. L. Knapp.

COWPER'S POETRY.

The principal charm of Cowper's poetry, consists in a delicate perception and vivid delineation of minute details. He had a microscopic eye, which nothing was so diminutive as to escape. He took a narrow range, but in his chosen sphere, there was nothing that he did not explore. Instead of roaming through the

wide world of vegetable matter, he selected a single flower, a grass blade or a leaf, laid bare their tender fibres and tendrils, their thread-like veins and arteries, pointed out the beauty of their blended tints, and the harmony of their various parts, and from this minute examination, drew wise and useful lessons of the power and divinity of the hand that made them. He had poetry enough to throw a grace over every thing he touched. His descriptions are like cabinet pictures, which, though they would be overlooked in a gallery of the great masters, are charming ornaments to the boudoir. Cowper has thrown poetry even over the tea-table, the most unpoetical of all household observances. He has placed the humble sofa next in dignity to the gorgeous throne, and he has made the fireside altar of home a shrine of worship far more delightful than the temples erected by the world to the goddess of pleasure.—We hug ourselves with a feeling of comfort as he closes the shutters, wheels the sofa round, and prepares for a long evening of unalloyed enjoyment. We are even willing to join in a cup of tea, and nerve ourselves to swallow it, without a feeling of nausea.

SOMNAMBULISM.

The following extraordinary example of somnambulism is mentioned by Dr. Abercrombie as an established fact.—A girl, aged seven years, an orphan, of the lowest rank, residing in the house of a farmer, by whom she was employed in attending cattle, was accustomed to sleep in an apartment separated by a very thin partition from one which was frequently occupied by an itinerant fiddler. This person was a musician of very considerable skill, and often spent a part of the night in performing pieces of a refined description, but his performance was not taken notice of by the child except as a disagreeable noise. After a residence of six months in this family she fell into bad health, and was removed to the house of a benevolent lady, where, on her recovery, beautiful music was often heard in the house during the night, which excited no small interest and wonder in the family, and many a waking hour was spent in endeavors to discover the invisible minstrel. At length the sound was traced to the sleeping room of the girl, who was found fast asleep, but uttering from her lips a sound exactly resembling the sweetest sound of a small violin. On further observation it was found, that after being about two hours in bed, she became restless, and began to mutter to herself. She then uttered sounds precisely resembling the tuning of a violin, and at length after some prelude, dashed off into elaborate pieces of music, which she performed in a clear and accurate manner, and with a sound exactly resembling the most delicate modulations of that instrument. During the performance she sometimes stopped, made the sound of re-tuning her instrument, and then began exactly where she had stopped in the most correct manner. These paroxysms occurred at regular intervals, varying from one to fourteen or even twenty nights, and they were generally followed by a degree of fever and pain over various parts of the body.

